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THE BROKEN

BATTALIONS.

Paul Hamilton Hayne.



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BY MRS. H. NEWELL MARTIN,

PREFACE.

The exquisite verses which follow, surely among the most tender and beautiful that even Paul Hayne ever wrote, were composed for the occasion of this Bazaar, and given by their author to the Committee of the Maryland Line Table. Copyright in them is at present secured in the name of the Chairman of that Committee. After the close of the Bazaar it will be transferred to the proper officer of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland.

The Broken Battalions.



The sounds of the tumult have ceased to ring,
And the Battle's Sun has set,
And here in peace of the new-born Spring,
We would fain forgive and forget ;

Forget the rage of the hostile years,
And the scars of a wrong unshriven,
Forgive the torture that thrilled to tears
The Angels' calm in Heaven.

Forgive and forget ? yes ! be it so,
From the hills to the broad sea waves ;
But mournful and low are the winds that blow
By the slopes of a thousand graves ;

We may scourge from the Spirit all thought
of ill

In the midnight of grief held fast,
And yet, O Brothers ! be loyal still
To the sacred and stainless Past !

She is glancing now from the vapor and
cloud,

From the waning mansion of Mars,
And the pride of her beauty is wanly bowed,
And her eyes are misted stars :

And she speaks in a voice that is sad as death,
“ There is duty still to be done,
Tho’ the trumpet of onset has spent its breath,
And the Battle been lost and won ;”

And she points with a tremulous hand below,
To the wasted and worn array
Of the heroes who strove in the morning
glow,
Of the grandeur that crowned "the Gray ;"
O, God ! they come not as once they came
In the magical years of yore ;
For the trenchant sword and the soul
of flame,
Shall quiver and flash no more ;—
Alas ! for the broken and battered hosts ;
Frail wrecks from a gory sea,
Tho' pale as a band in the realm of ghosts,
Salute them ! they fought with Lee,

And gloried when dauntless Stonewall marched
Like a giant o'er field and flood,
When the Bow of his splendid victories arched
The Tempest whose rain is —— blood !

Salute them ! those wistful and sunken eyes
Flashed lightnings of sacred ire,
When the laughing blue of the Southland skies,
Was blasted with cloud and fire :—

Salute them ! their voices so faint to-day,
Were once the thunder of strife.
In the storm of the hottest and wildest fray,
That ever has mocked at life !

* * * * *

Not vanquished, but crushed by a mystic fate,
Blind nations against them hurled
By the selfish might and the causeless Hate
Of the banded and ruthless World !

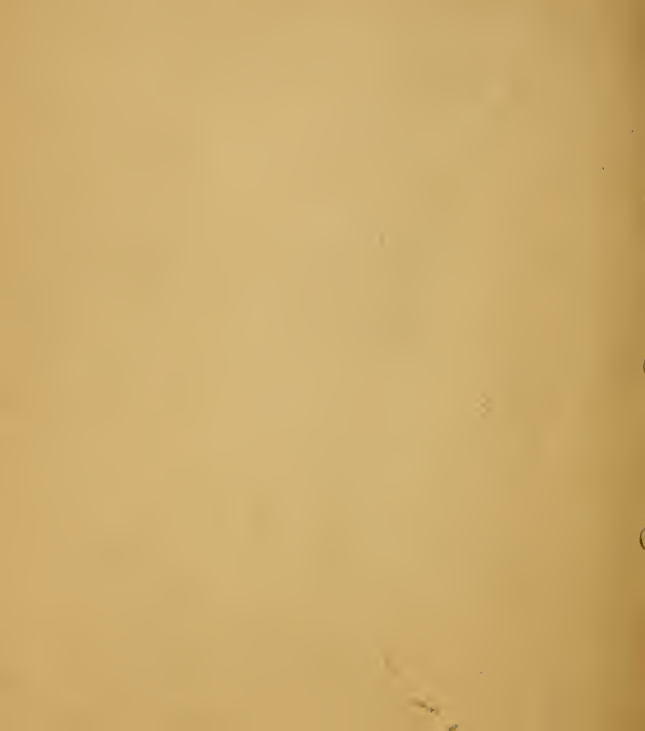
Enough : all Fates are the servants of God ;
And follow His guiding hand ;—
We shall rise some day from the Chastener's
rod,
Shall waken, and ——— understand !

But hark, to the Past as she murmurs, "Come,
There's a duty still to be done,
Tho' mute is the drum, and the bugle dumb,
And the Battle is lost and won !"

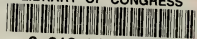
No Palace is here for the heroes' needs,
With its shining portals apart;—
Shall they find the peace of their "Invalides,"
O, South! in your grateful — Heart?

A Refuge of welcome with living halls,
And Love for its radiant dome,
'Till the music of death's reveillé calls
The souls of the Warriors — home!

March 30th, 1885.



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